

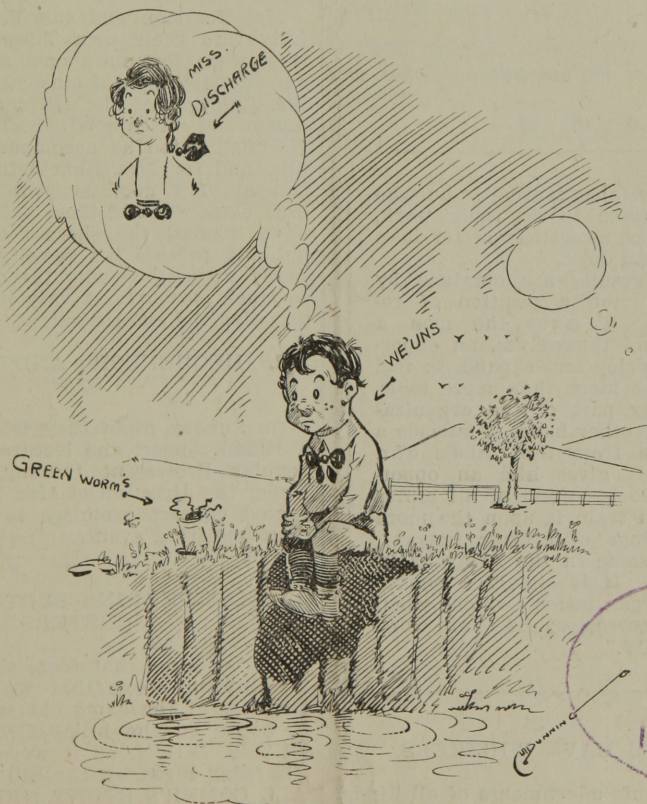
HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Thursday, March 27, 1919

Vol. II "The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination" No. 74

All Stunt Night at Red Cross House Tonight

Come Prepared to Enjoy Yourself



"Ain't Love Orful?"

HEADS UP

Published daily, except Monday, at U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Richmond College, Va.

STAFF

General Manager.....Corp. Hanson
Circulation Manager.....Pvt. Dunning
Staff Correspondent.....Pvt. Midkiff
Staff Cartoonists.....Dunning and Hanson

AND

Everybody on the Post.

Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

MAIL.

Arrives—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Departs—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

We know what we are but not what we may be.



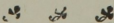
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The successful executive is he who trains his force to do their work, their specialty, as well or better than he himself can do it.

The best results are obtained by giving each man a position of responsibility. It gives the men a chance to find themselves, an opportunity to develop and expand, to feel that they are more than mere tools, but a worthy part of the organization. On the other hand, it unloads a great burden from the Chief's own shoulders. It gives him an opportunity to free his mind of all minor detail and to train it upon the more essential things of greater import.

It is the same in the Army as in civilian life. It is simply a matter of proper organization, which, when rightly executed, spells the word "EFFICIENCY."

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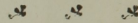
WHY CATS HAVE WHISKERS.

Although hirsute adornments of all kinds, whiskers included, were once the real and indispensable thing, modern sanitary practice has made such inroads on unharvested boards and long hair that only a few scat-

tered humans such as musicians and soap-box orators still retain their hairy luxuriance. Notwithstanding this, however, the house cat has grown and nurtured its crop of whiskers or feelers for the last million years or so without bothering about hygiene.

Naturalists say that the cat's whiskers are absolutely necessary to it. The whiskers are as long as the cat's head is wide, and the head is as wide as the body, so wherever the whiskers go there may the cat go also.

The tiny, delicate hairs grow from a gland and are nerved to the utmost sensibility. No matter how light the touch of the hair against an obstacle it is instantly felt by the cat.

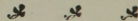


CLEAN, FINE ENTERTAINMENT.

Mr. Morrison and the Y. M. C. A. came fully into their own Tuesday night when they were fortunate enough to secure for our entertainment a musical program, under the direction of the Hequenborg School of Music, of Richmond. Mrs. Hequenborg, violinist, acted as accompanist for her pupils, and for Mrs. Shackelford, who put on several very good soprano numbers. The high class work of these artists alone would have insured the success of the program, but add to this it's novelty and it can be easily understood why the evening afforded so much pleasure. A very interesting movie preceded the entertainment.

MRS. HEQUENBORG AND THE Y. M. C. A. AGAIN.

On Sunday night they will favor us with a sacred concert and lecture in place of the regular Protestant Sunday night service. Under the direction of Mrs. Hequenborg this sacred concert promises to be one of our most uplifting events.



ELSEWHEREING BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

You will see that from the record of entertainment above that we are still doing business at the same old stand in the Red X house on the hill. HEADS OUT—BUT NEVER DOWN, as it were. Furthermore, Thursday night on the hill will be another ALL COMER'S STUNT NIGHT. City readers please take notice and hop on the stage with anything you've got; a recitation, "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," or an imitation of an angle worm doing the column right.

HEADS UP

ABOUT TUESDAY'S BALL GAME.

It was like Alice in Wonderland's Pie, there wasn't any because Capt. Repp and Lt. Walsh, acting on the K. O.'s orders to rush the dismantlement of the hospital, thought that you men could not be spared for a week-day ball game. Why not Saturday afternoon and Sunday? Let's snap in on this and get the old hospital equipment on the train and have some fun afterwards.

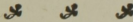


"BONE-PICKING" in the "GREEN-ROOM."

Jack: "O Sam, can you tell me what a peninsula is?"

Sam: "Yes, Jack. A peninsula is a LONG neck of dirt."

Jack: "Oh! I know now! I know a fellow in our barracks that has a peninsula."



Dear "Heads Up":

I want you to say to all on Debarkation 52 that it would have been a pleasure to have remained longer with them. Their friendships shall forever be a treasure to my memory. Please extend to them and accept, yourself, my most sincere wishes. God be with you all.

Your everlasting friend,

CHAPLAIN FLANNAGAN.

Newport News, Va.

Your helpfulness here will never be forgotten, Chaplain, and we shall miss you. We wish you the best of everything in your new location.



WHO CLAIMS IT WAS NEW STUFF
"THE FORD WINNING WARS?"

In the 1883 edition of Barne's General History, the following is taken in full from the battle of Arcole, in Napoleon's Italian campaign: "The General (Napoleon) noticed his lines waver, took the head of the column and fell in the marsh. He was picked up here by his staff, and after carrying him about the marsh for a time a FORD was finally found and the bridge was turned." Credit the K. O. with both an assist and putout on this wheeze.

BEFORE KHAKE ENGULFED THEM.

TRACK MEN—Major Galbreath, our esteemed Commanding Officer, has been officially clocked for ten seconds in the 100-yard dash. Has done it in less unofficially.

ANOTHER SPEED MERCHANT—Capt. Conway, our own now elsewhere daddy, has been officially clocked for ten seconds in the 100-yard dash. Has done it in less unofficially, as well as the Major.

WOULD YOU GUESS THIS TOO?—Capt. Herbert A. Repp, in a military track meet, where no official records were made, did the 220-yard dash in 21 3-5 seconds. This was lowering the world's record, but no official entry was made.

PRESENT DAY ATHLETES.

Pvt. (Shoemaker) John A. Fisher wrestled two professional heavyweights at the carnival, making them quit and thereby losing their jobs. He's in with the old defi for post wrestlers.

MEXICAN ATHLETES—Capt. Slattery, Heads Up Hanson, Sgt. Bowen and Capt. Rundquist.

CAPTAIN KENWORTHY.

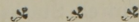
This oldtimer was the most picturesque personality in officerdom. Ken was always in on everything, and always gave more than he got. His generous impulse and consideration made him a universal friend, and what's more a most interesting one.

Here's a good yarn about the Pittsburgh steamer and one of the reasons we miss him:

On reporting he did it in approved textbook fashion, and then put his arms around the Sgt. Major and exhorted the latter to show him all the ropes. The same night Kenworthy, Alter and Lohnes asked Capt. Hatcher about putting out the lights, etc. Hatch slipped it over by saying, "Right now, and keep very quiet." Two hours later, out of the darkness came the whispered voices of Ken and Joe and Lohney. This is the only time anyone has ever heard of the old Ken keeping quiet.

MORE ROOKIE STUFF.

Dave Wolfe, the demon shave tail, on joining the medical supply service, was asked to report at the depot. We understand that Davie hung around the railroad depot at Camp Lee for many hours looking for someone to report to.



No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.

HEADS UP

AND STILL THEY GO.

Miss Jones, Miss Smith and Miss Connelly were seen on the Gentle Slope yesterday for the last time.

—O—
SPEAKING OF GENTLE SLOPE—Tuesday's Officer of the Day, known in some circles as "Erbie," was seen at 6:30 A. M. in the Nurse's Recreation House, playing a melancholy ditty on the phonograph and "All Alone."

—O—
OFFICERS' QUARTERS—On the hill are all empty. The last of the tribe are quartered on the knoll just off the Gentle Slope.

YOUTH WILL BE SERVED.

After the Officers had said good-bye to the Nurses at the Richmond depots the other night, the enlisted men oozed in from here and there for the real touching final, and the catching of the salty tear on the blouse front. (Youth will be served.)

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Peters, the Roaming Private, has clocked in once again with Father McDermind. So Petersburg, the itinerate buck-hound of the Q. M. Dept., was wont to report back to Jimmie Walsh. Is this roving disposition a matter of having the name Pete, or is it due to their having Irish stepfathers? In the slang of the day, "we ask you."

WARBLED BY "CAESAR FIRMLY"

Dunning.

I LOVE a pretty little girl
Very Much,
And she loves me—
By Jove!
We'd get married
If it wasn't for ending
The romance!

U. S. INVADED—July 1, 1919.

The Americans, having recently crossed the Marne, the United States is now in danger of being "double-crossed" by the Prohibitionists. (If Water rusts iron, what's it going to do to one's stomach?)

OUR OWN REPORTER'S COLUMN.

Sgt. Moore has a most pleasant look the last few days. He must have happened to some good luck.

—O—
Stay at it "Texas". Practice makes perfect.

—O—
Sgts. Porterfield and Duffy are contemplating efficient speed in the lake. Sgt. Speed says that they do not eat fish and are not of the over-recreative kind; so what is the idea? It must be the lost Cider Keg.

—O—
Since the Post's travellers have taken the trip down the Long, Long Trail to elsewhere, no news of their whereabouts on record as yet. Must have landed at Dead Sea. Let's hear from you right Double Quick!

—O—
It's about time to keep off the green.

—O—
When you take the K out of Keel it suits his personality. He is sure one slippery kid.

—O—
Sgt. Leighton was seen dipping his fingers in the waters of the lake Tuesday. "Testing it out for a swim" he said.

—O—
They will appear—The Silver-Tongued Four—viz.: Sgt. Schultz, Cpl. Hartley, Pvts. Pool and Craig. Look them up at Red Cross on Stunt Night.

—O—
Sgt., 1st Class, Webb was a pleasant caller at "Heads Up" office Tuesday night. Certainly, we will do our best to see that she receives copies of "Heads up."

—O—
Pt. Brennan, in passing along the lake-side, near the boat landing below old Ward C, about 8:30 P. M. the other night, said he heard a low gurgling of speech and clinking of glasses. He was very much excited and from what we could glean of his story was that the shades of the colored boy's victims of the angry waters of the pond had assembled on the shore and were making merry with the contents of the elusive Cider Keg. Curiosity still grows.

—O—
Cooks McReynolds and Dunford say that we were wrong about taking care of themselves in the West End the other night. They say they were just "loving." We'll say they're "Moonshiner Aces."

SEE YOU TOMORROW.